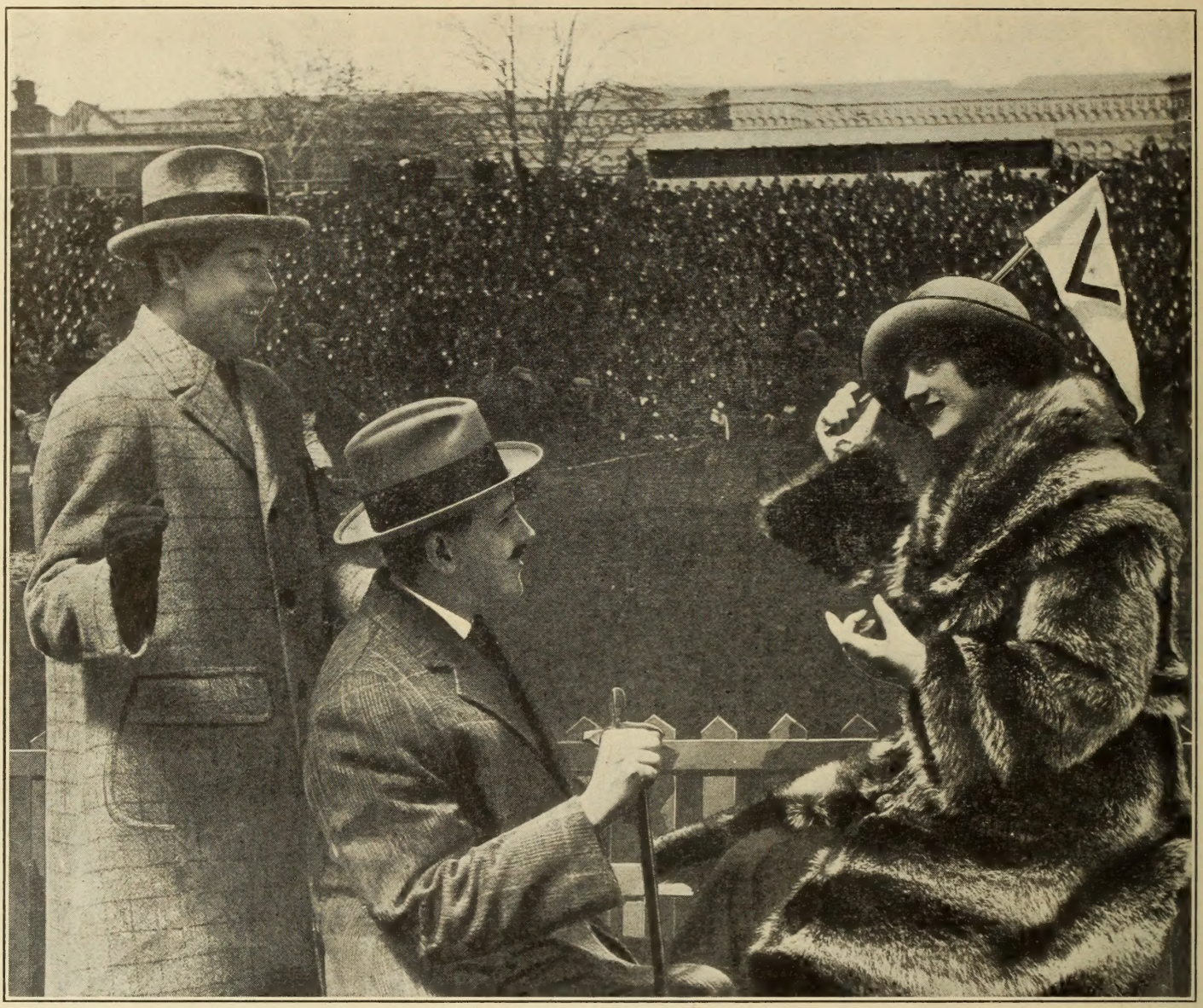
Volume III Toronto, October, 1922 Number 4

GOBLIN

LIBRARY
OCT 1

PRICE
20 CENTS

OCTOBER



A Sure Winner

IN a hat as in a rugby player it's stamina, endurance that wins out in the long run.

The Brock Hat is built to endure, to stand up under the strain of wear and weather.

Styles are smart and new, in a multitude of soft and becoming shades.

The BROCK Hat

MADE IN BROCKVILLE, CANADA.

A CANADIAN ACHIEVEMENT

THE WOLTHAUSEN HAT CORPORATION, LIMITED

NORMA
TALMADGE
IN
"The Eternal Flame"
A DRAMATIC AND ARTISTIC TRIUMPH
WEEK OF OCT. 1st
Allen
DOWNTOWN

COLLEGE
As She Looks

To the movie producer. The one and only Utopia.

To the girl back home: A delightful place simply bubbling over with sport, adventure and romance.

To the folks back home: An excellent opportunity for a young man to learn how to spend money.

To the professor: A gift to civilization for the education of the masses and the consequent betterment of humanity in general.

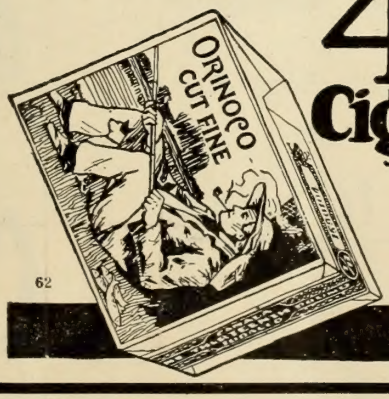
To the student: A hard place to get into, stay in, or get out of.

—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.*

10 fresh fragrant cigarettes for less than 4 cents

That's what you get when you "Roll your own" with ORINOCO It's easy to learn to "Roll your own"— "Rolling your own" saves you money and it gives you better cigarettes ORINOCO is made of carefully selected genuine southern grown Virginia leaf It is at it's best in a freshly rolled cigarette.....

Roll your own with ORINOCO -It's easy



43 Cigarettes for 15¢

"AMERICAN GIRL IS HIT IN SONG RECITAL."

—Head in S. F. Paper.

We know of several who ought to be.—*Pelican.*

"You are a beautiful girl, and I hope you think I am sincere."

"I can't help thinking you are sincere when you talk like that."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

HEY !. d'yuh know wot?

JUST THIS

Goblins are now selling at $2.00 a Dozen!

Did you ever try to pin a quarter to a piece of paper?

Our Asylums are full of people who still think it can be done!

Did you ever try to pin a **Two Dollyer Bill** to the form below?

Well, just try it now, and see how simple it is!

THEN YOU WILL get all the lunacy you want delivered to your door each month without having to go to any Asylum!

That is why we have knocked the extra quarter off our subscription rates.

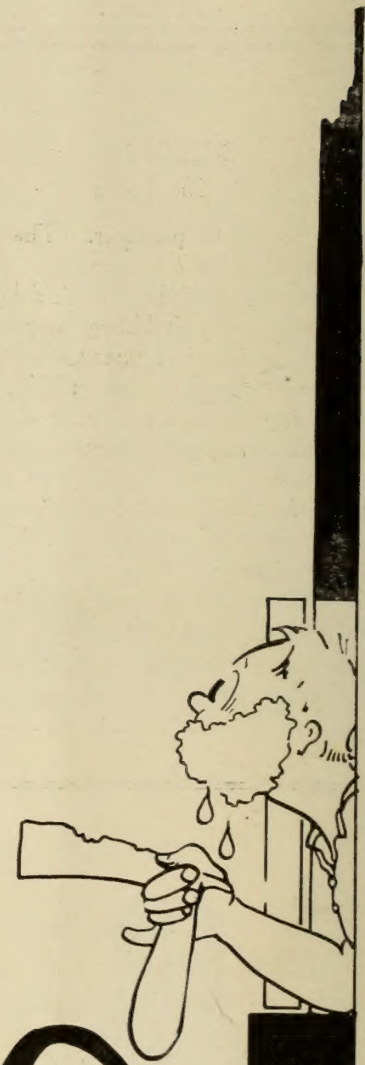
Goblins are now selling at $2.00 a Dozen

Don't Let It Slide!

GOBLINS, LTD.,
143 University Ave.

Dear Sirs: Please send Goblin to the following for one year at $2.00 each.

Name .....
Address .....
Name .....
Address .....
Name .....
Address .....



NO WOT?

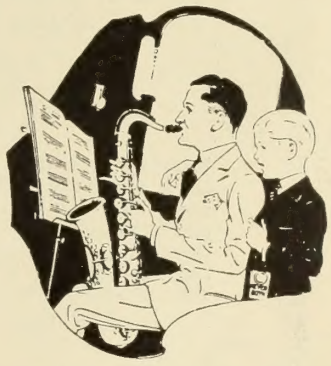
The Joy of Playing Yourself—

The majority of small musical instruments are easy to learn to play—many of them may be picked up without the aid of a teacher. Why not drop in and choose your favorite instrument? We will gladly give you every possible assistance.

Come in and ask to see any of these instruments. We have a wonderful range to choose from, and can give you a great deal of helpful advice about the choosing of an instrument.

Musical Instruments of Quality

VIOLINS, CELLOS
MANDOLINS
GUITARS
UKULELES, BANJOS
SAXOPHONES
CORNETS
CLARIONETS
DRUMS
XYLOPHONES



THE R.S. WILLIAMS & SONS CO. LIMITED

ESTABLISHED 1849 145 YONGE STREET

Freak Formation

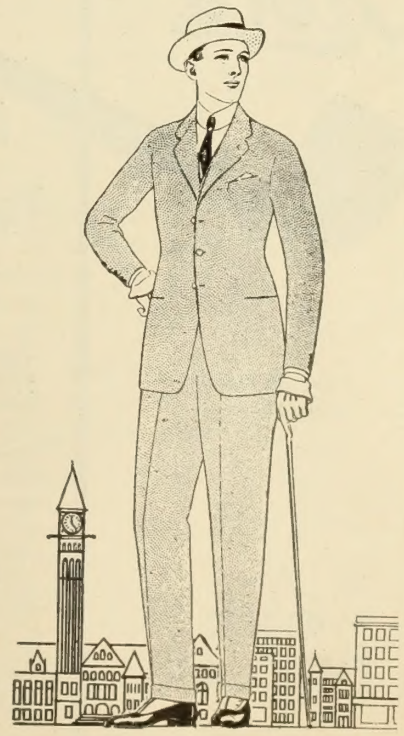
Ex.

G—G—G

Prof.: Miss Glumme, how many ribs do you have?

Miss Glumme: Oh, my dear! I'm too ticklish to count 'em. —*Virginia Reel.*

A Man is Known by the Clothes He Wears



ELY LIMITED

28 King St. West

BRANCH

King Edward Hotel

Winsome

Where Beauty Smiles and Wit Delights

There Miss Priscilla Dean moves with "the youth and freshness of a Grecian Queen," radiating gaiety and cheerfulness. How she preserves her complexion's radiant charm through her long and strenuous days of work is here disclosed in her own words:—

"I find 'Winsome' Toilet Soap excellent—Winsome in name and Winsome in deed. It is refreshing to use for Toilet and Bath after the day's work."

Sincerely yours,

Priscilla Dean

Winsome is the most delightful soap imaginable, and a beautiful skin will result from the following simple Winsome treatment. Make a lather in warm water with Winsome Soap, and massage every inch of the face and neck gently and thoroughly. Rinse carefully and dry with a soft towel. The daily practice of this Winsome treatment will make the skin naturally robust, and glowing with colour and beauty.

Sold at all good drug and department stores.

W13

Miss Priscilla Dean
Universal Star
VINOLIA COMPANY LIMITED
Soapmakers to H.M. The King
LONDON PARIS TORONTO

Kola

"An old friend from the start"

Price
ONE DOLLAR

No Matter What Tobacco You Smoke

It will taste better out of a Kola Briar. Thanks to the Kola process, the pipes do not have to be "broken in," but smoke cool and sweet from the start. They also last longer than other pipes and have that beautiful, rich and mellow Kola color, the last word in style and good taste.

At all good tobacconists in over 100 different shapes and sizes.

CONFESSIONS OF A BRIDE

Chapter XXX.

(As depicted by the yellower of our journals)

When Dan came home, I could see at once that he was out of sorts, for when I ran to kiss him, he bit off the top of my ear. Some wives would have taken offense at this, but I try to be a true helpmate and not the nagging kind. I merely said, "Dinner is ready, dear."

"What, hash again?" exclaimed Dan as he followed me into the kitchen. "Yes, darling," I replied, whereupon he threw the frying pan at Baby. Although I thought a great deal of Baby, I said nothing, feeling that Dan was not quite himself. Hoping to wound him, I quietly phoned for the undertaker. All that he said was, "Are you going to use that telephone all night?" Sometimes I think there is something brutal in his nature by the way he acts when these spells are on him. He called up that Banks woman and invited her out to dinner. Am I losing his love? The thought is driving me mad.

—Voo Doo.

G—G—G

CALLING HIM

Dr.: "You have had a very close call. It was only due to your rugged health and constitution that you pulled through at all."

Patient: "Thanks, Doctor. Then there's no charge for services rendered." *—Pelican.*

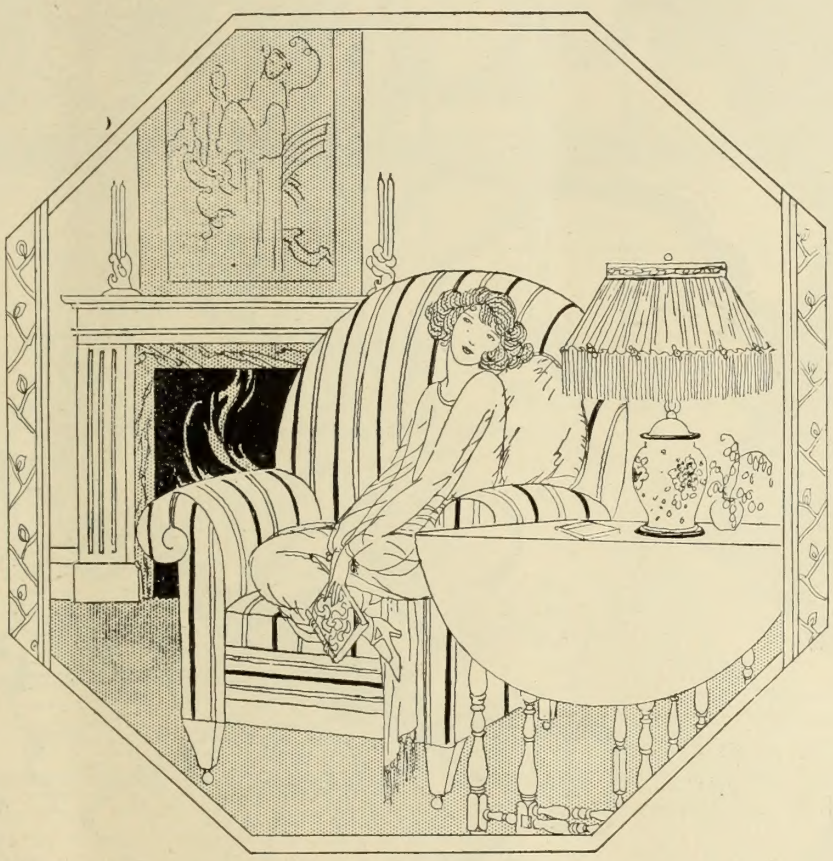
G—G—G

COMPLIMENTARY

She: "I'll never trust any man in the dark."

He (after a scrap): "It's a cinch you have nothing to fear in the day time." *—Phoenix.*

SIMPSON'S



On Making Your Room Cozy

Plain living and high thinking are no more associated. Physical discomfort does not induce scholarship. Why not plan this Fall to make your cubicle, room or dormitory a pleasant, inviting retreat expressive of your personality and pleasing in every prospect?

A cushion here, a chair, inexpensive but most comfortable, a table lamp, a few yards of draperies to transform the whole setting, artistic framing for your summer snapshots. On these and other little matters our Contract Department stands to grant advice and suggestions without obligation.

Undergrads planning their domiciles for the Fall and Winter months are invited to come in and learn what maximum desirability of environment may be gained at minimum expenditure.

The Robert Simpson Company Limited

Edwin (jestingly): "What are you doing with t hat lantern? Looking for worms?"
Marie (meaningly): "Oh, no! You may go ba ck to the house."

The Goblin

VOL. III. TORONTO, OCTOBER, 1922 No. 4

Private Stock

Why is it that the daily press never gives the police department credit for sagacity? Every time a criminal is caught the arrest is attributed to over-confidence on the part of the wrong-doer.

G—G—G

Advice to freshmen: Come late and avoid the rush.

G—G—G

Social Item: Clare Sheridan will not spend the last two weeks in October at the country home of Mr. Rudyard Kipling.

G—G—G

Motto of Mr. Florenz Ziegfeld, Junior, choosing his chorus:

"Kick out the old,
Bring in the nude."

G—G—G

Conan Doyle has nothing on the Bootlegger: Doyle tells us of the other world, the Bootlegger gets us there.

G—G—G

The report that Richard Coeur de Lion and Jess Willard are to play this season for the Queen's University Rugby team has been unofficially denied.

G—G—G

Cobalt, it is said, is rapidly losing its population. No doubt it will be known as Silversmith's "Deserted Village."

G—G—G

The police are greatly mystified by Klinghoyyy.

—Newspaper Bulletin.

Probably a case of Fgungpozzz.

G—G—G

"Well," said the parrot, after listening to the lecturer on evolution, "at any rate no one can make a monkey out of me."

Unsolicited letter to the Edwardsburg Corn Syrup Company:

"Dear Sirs: Though I have taken six cans of your syrup my feet are now no better than when I started."

G—G—G

Readers are warned against placing any confidence in a southern gentleman who is selling stock in Mammy mine.

G—G—G

It is reported that the fiancee of a book-reviewer on a Toronto newspaper recently broke off her engagement because she found in his coat pocket a memo which read, "Rita Coventry, Julian Street."

G—G—G

Even the moth has his sphere of society. He very frequently appears in a dress suit.

G—G—G

The deadhead at the theatre is like a successful prediction—he has come to pass.

G—G—G

It is reported that signs in Yellowstone Park are to be changed from "See America First" to "See America Thirst."

G—G—G

In police court recently occurred a dispute between a Russian and a Lithuanian over a quarter of beef. Finally it was decided they were joint owners.

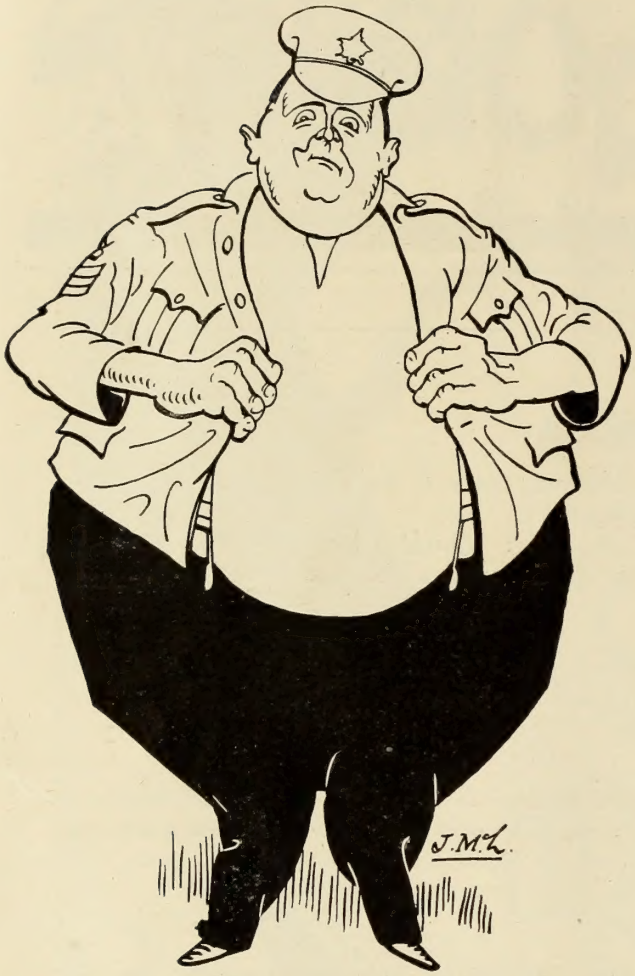
G—G—G

WHAT WILSON DID AT PARIS

By Roy Stannard Baker· Doubleday, Page and Co., Ltd., Publishers.

Tut-tut!

GOBLIN



Sergeant-Major Brown, who has put on 180 pounds since 1918, hears that in the event of another war old uniforms are to be worn.

G—G—G

Short Extract from the Book of Ashur

Whereupon did Asacar, son of Adacar, go to the market-place that he might purchase food for the household and raiment for the family.

And it came to pass that Asacar, son of Adacar, did dispute with the merchant saying, "Lo, thy prices of cream cheese are high."

And the merchant, Aria, being wrath at these words, did seize a beer keg of nickels and dump it upon Asacar, son of Adacar.

And henceforth Asacar, son of Adacar, was known throughout that land by the name of Metamorphosis, because of the change which had come over him.

Synthesis of a Latin Lecture

Seven silent sleepers. . . . . A theologue with a hangover. . . . . Five youths recalling that they forgot to send their laundry. . . . . An odor of *Quelques Fleurs* . . . . . One young lady deciding with whom she will go to the party after the big game. . . . . Four young ladies estimating their chances of being asked to go to the party after the big game. . . . . Seven young ladies with perfectly blank minds. . . . . The scratch of a $1.45 fountain pen. . . . . A youth wondering just what Irene meant by that last sentence in her letter . . . . . A youth telling his neighbor a story about an Englishman in Paris who talked French only with the aid of a pocket dictionary. . . . . A youth figuring how he is going to make $13.55 last out till the first of the month. . . . . Three embryo Monte Carloans matching quarters in the back row. . . . . A young lady without a powder-puff but with the uncomfortable suspicion that her nose is shiny. . . . . Two youths reading the sporting page of a morning newspaper. . . . . A professor talking about gerundives and hoping there will be veal patties at home for lunch.

G—G—G

Dat ver' good dog

I t'ink she's ver' nice dog I got;
She's tres habile, dat leetle Dot.

She's stay by me for t'ree, four year,
Mos' all de tam she's leevin' here.

Some tam I'm hongry, I don't care
So long as Dot, she's got he's share.

You t'ink dat she's ongrateful, now?
Jes' wait, my fran', I tell you how

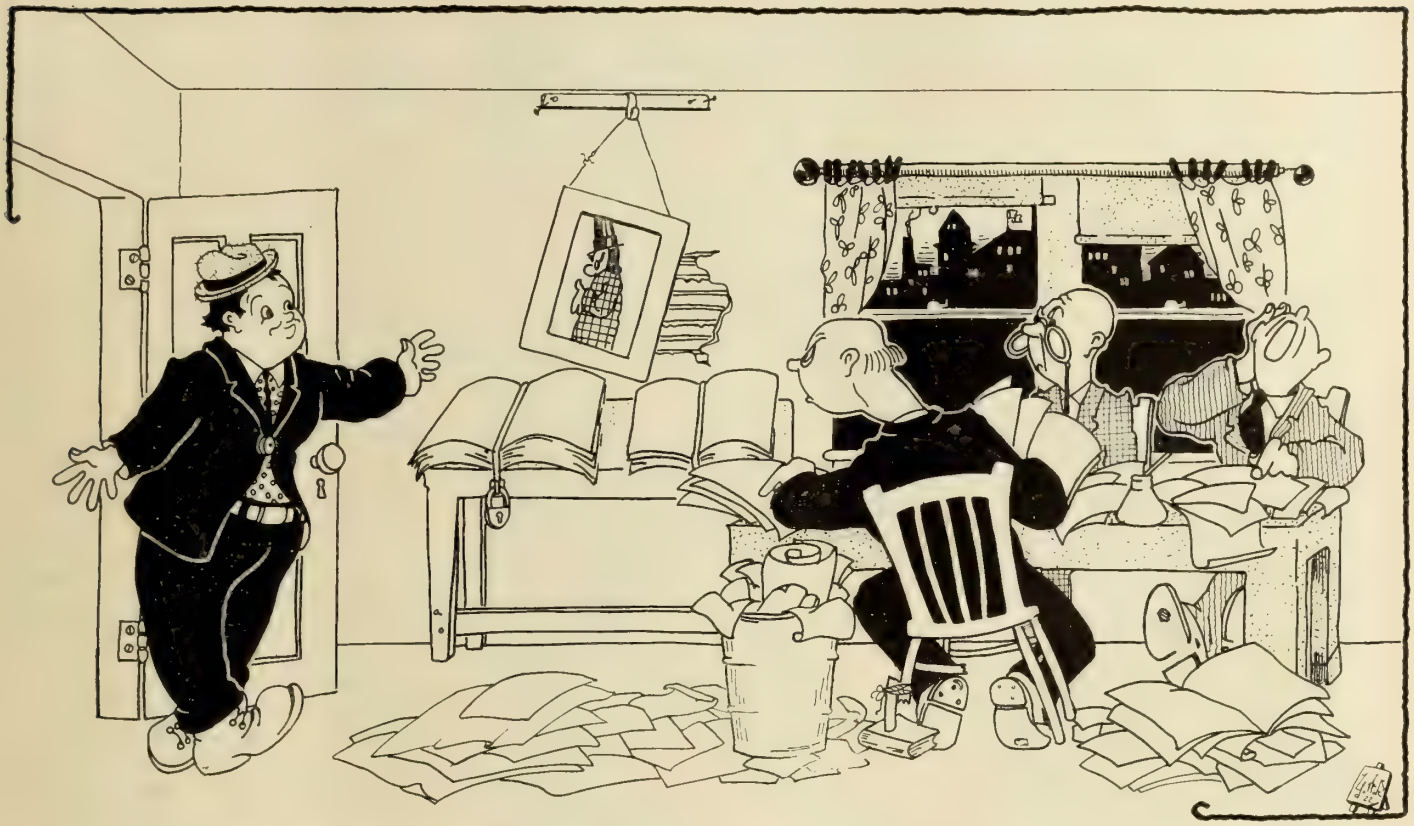
Las' night I'm smoke my pipe an' sit,
Dat Dot come in—jes' t'ink of it—

She's bring home seex more pups for show
Her ol' man how she love heem so!

G—G—G

Motorist (stopping beside car parked in the shadow): Is anyone hurt?

Parker (interrupted in petting party): No, but there will be!



The Ed.: "Well, what's the joke? Did you get that interview with Lord Lumme?"
The Cub: "Ah, that's the funny part of it. You see he was killed just as he got off the train so there was nothing at all to write about!"

Here Comes the Postman!

During the month of October the editor's mail bag will contain:

437 rhymes beginning, "Lo, the poor Frosh!"

321 fables in the style of George Ade, beginning, "Once there was a Fresh Ham from a Hick Burg who sighed for Higher Education. . . ."

599 caricatures of freshmen.

15 sight draughts.

1 dozen Alo Art Studies.

12 letters complaining about profanity and shocking suggestiveness of Goblin.

24 letters asking for more spice.

3 unprintable stories from women's residences.

221 invitations to buy stocks, bonds, corn-cures, lace handerchiefs, Japanese tea roses, gramaphones, motor cars and patent potato peelers.

1 polite but firm memo. from the bank.

14 invitations to fight.

1 article of 17,000 words entitled "The Spontaneity of English Humor from Wordsworth to Churchill."

1 letter worded as follows: "Dear Ed., Have you a corkscrew? If so, would you mind lending it to us. Bring it around about 8.30. . . ." (After which no other letters will be opened.)

G—G—G

Possible—But Improbable

He won't get up to answer phones.
He just kneels there and rolls the bones.

He hears their shrieks; he hears their moans.
He doesn't care; he rolls the bones.

He starts to frown; they talk of loans.
He cannot seem to lose the bones.

He first cleans Smith and then takes Jones.
He somehow cannot lose the bones.

He's all their money stacked in cones.
He still rolls on; they're still his bones.

—*W. Winans.*

GOBLIN

"Do you know anything about Marco Polo?"
"No, is it anything like clock golf?"

Autumn Song

The stadium is
The place that we
Do most delight to park us,
Where cleated boots
Crunch merrily
Against the human carcase.

I love to see
Them tear around
And wallow in the mud;
I chortle when
I hear the sound
Of splashing in the blood.

Oh, hour of rapture,
When you feel
You've knocked three ivory molars out!
Oh, happy moment,
When your heel
Disintegrates another's snout!

No footprints on
The sands of time
Be mine—despite my teachers—
I'd rather leave
Mine where I climb,
Across my brother's features.

No gentle sport
Is meet for me.
I scorn the passive mid-iron.
I'm not that sort,
I'd rather be
Spread o'er the whole darn gridiron.

Oh, joyous game!
With peace and love
Our hearts within do burn us!
I'm going to run
Right home and shove
My father in the furnace!

Something Oriental

The Kurds that dwell in Kurdistan,
They have a secret deep.
And the Siamese must bend their knees
And darkling silence keep.
But a hairy man from Hindustan
Is bound to come some day
To Give to Fame, Siam's dark shame
And give the Kurds a whey.

Fall Fiction Review

"That's just listerine you notice."

"My wife's people are all grand folks."

"I can't take a holiday, who would look after the business?"

At last I know how to make the old market "pay me."

"Six winner's in seven races, can you imagine?"

"Have a tot?" "Certainly. No W.C.T.U. is going to run me, although I will say before the law came in I never touched the stuff."

Progress

FROM THE *MANAKEE MIRROR* OF OCT. 1, 1892

Hiram H. Huckleby predicts end of world in 1895.

Toad with eight toes found in garden of Frank Leedrunk, St. Thomas, Ontario.

International Birds-eye Maple Toothpick Manufacturers' Association hold Annual Convention in Montreal.

Three persons die of laughing when actor at local vaudeville house looks over audience and says, "I guess there are a good many dirty dishes lying in the kitchen sink to-night."

FROM THE *MANAKEE MIRROR* OF OCT. 1, 1907

Josiah J. Jasper predicts end of world in 1910.

Chick hatched at Bloomington, Illinois, with five legs and cauliflower ears.

Associated Lodges of the Angry Adam's Apples stage monster parade at Sault Ste. Marie.

A man in a local vaudeville house fell through his seat and fractured his skull when an actor looked over the audience and said: "I guess there are a good many dirty dishes lying in the kitchen sink to-night."

FROM THE *MANAKEE MIRROR* OF OCT. 1, 1937

Beniah B. Bodley predicts end of world in 1940.

Luther Burbank crosses the pretzel with the asparagus plant, producing the pretgus.

Fish-net Fanciers hold kite-flying contest in Shantung.

Mob burn local vaudeville house when actor looks over audience and says: "I guess there are a good many dirty dishes lying in the kitchen sink to-night."

G—G—G

A Real Irish Joke

Sumavus Dhu: "Arrah Macushlah Machree! Oi hear tell how you're seanbrach of the bachrach. 'Tis a Sinn."

Sumavus Dhoant: "Divil a bit. Sure an oi'm bachrach of the seanbrack. 'Tis Feinn."

G—G—G

The Scientific Mind

They led him out of his cell early that morning and down the short stone flagged corridor to the little room. It was the first time he had ever been in the death chamber. He looked about and noted its appurtenances, the small barred window and finally the chair. As they strapped him in it he turned curiously to one of the guards.

"Does the prison generate its own electricity?" he asked.

There was a young maiden named Flo,
Whom a fellow took out to a show;
He thought she was fast,
Now his flag's at half-mast,
For sitting behind was—her Beau!

Directory

College 5678Q—Ask for "Robert." Scotch only. $8.50 reputed quart. Real stuff from Quebec Commission. Will deliver, but very slow.

Adelaide 8888X—Old Mrs. Fitzenheim. Say you know Pete Raimer. Not very good gin, but hasn't killed anyone yet.

Gerrard 7734Z—Between 8 and 9 p.m. only. Will tell truthfully if it's good stuff—won't if it's bad. You must have a car parked around the corner.

Main 222—Wrong number.

North 9876H—Beer by case only. Delivery in three days. Useful for Reunions, Old Boys' Banquets and family gatherings.

Kenwood 123Jump—Very high toned. Also high priced. Will deliver in Pierce Arrow car. Code: Gin: "One pair of spectacles"; With oranges: "Horn-rimmed"; Scotch: "A copy of the Edinburgh Review."

College 9410D—Ask for "Andy." Last resort. Home Brew only. Recuperation time: 2 to 6 days.

The Return of the Native

A Pastoral

He stood without the prison gates; the sky was bright and blue;
The birds all caroled sprightly songs; the cows cried, "Moo, moo, moo."
He said, "My life of crime is o'er. This pen. no more I'll see;
I'll go back home to Cornersville. A rustic I will be.
Ah, Cornersville! Oh, Cornersville! Gem of a distant vale!
I'd rather be a cow-herd there than warden of this jail;
I'd rather court a dairy-maid than wed an oil-king's daughter;
I'd rather drink fresh buttermilk than Scotch and soda-water."

It was some ten or twenty years since last he'd chanced to view
The fields where gambolled the lamb and scampered the ewe.
He now recalled the mill-pond stream where speckled trout had jumped,
And did not know that now just there the town refuse was dumped.
He did not know those self-same fields were now called real estate
Or that the chaffinch would ne'ermore call "goof-ah!" to its mate.
Ah, Cornersville! Oh, Cornersville! How time has changed thy face!
The Commerce Chamber now maintains "The town has hit its pace."

It was upon a Saturday our hero first returned;
The moment came at last for which he had so often yearned.
His native town, his birth-place, oh, the place where he was born.
He saw himself a-reaping in the fields of golden corn.
He saw himself a-setting on Jed Perkins' cracker box,
He saw himself forgetting con-games, jail and mining stocks.
But, wait, for Fate is in the game and has a card to play;
We know the town is not the same as when he went away.
Now dance halls on each corner and a movie every block,
Mislead the youth and teach them to steal bills from pop's old sock.
For evil days are on the town, the empty night-schools yawn,
The libraries are failing and the old saloons are gone.
High-powered cars run up and down the widened central street,
And fishnet ties or blanket skirts adorn the town's elite.

Our hero saw it all as frown chased frown across his brow.
He groaned. He sighed pathetically, then murmured, "I'll allow
As how I've been in error about this here town of mine,
But where there's any crookedness I soon can step in line."
And so it was at once without the least consideration
Our hero started a finance and service corporation.
Ah, Cornersville! Oh, Cornersville! May heaven be your aid,
Our hero's lecturing on "Success" before your Board of Trade.

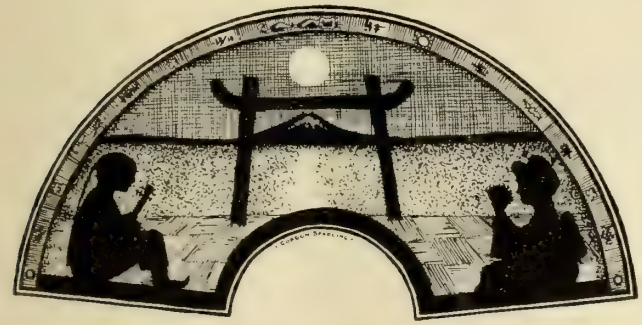
Putt—"I hear Jones was operated on t'day. What sa trouble?"

Take—"Well, he was soaked all last week so I suppose it must be for a cataract."

'Twas Ever Thus

One day I bought a
Lottery ticket for a
Horse
And whatd'y' think?
I won it!
At once arose visions
of ME
Astride a jet black steed
Prancing down the Avenue
While all the girls exclaimed
"Ain't he grand?"
"Just like Bill Hart."
And then
Two days later, I received a
Letter
From the chief of police
STATING
That if I didn't remove
THAT DEAD HORSE
From Vacant lot 13
I would be pinched.

"Oh, Arthur, quick! There's a horrid crawly thing on the ceiling!"
He (absent-mindedly): "Never mind, dear, just step on it."



The East

"And the great Caliph fell in love with Layla, the dancing slave.....Thirty elephants, fifty monkeys and a casket of gold and precious stones from the prince across the mountains.....Moonlight on white domes....."

Bring on the dancing women!

Palm trees swaying beneath the moon.....The camel road to Hindustan.....The Taj Mahal..... Ghandi's Gang.

Little Cho Cho San in a blue kimona walking midst a shower of scattered cherry blossoms....."And the pilgrims halted, singing, as the sunlight flashed on the white peak of Fuji-yama".....The streets of old Japan.....

Real photographs of geishas—$2.00 per dozen.

Knowledge Is Power

McGregor, a superintendent of a Sunday school in a small town, was running for the position of vice-president of a well-known local organization. His only opponent was McCarthy, a former bartender.

The day before the election friends of the latter strung across the main street of the town a large banner reading:

"Vote for McCarthy. What does McGregor know about vice?"

G—G—G

G'wan Orf

"Is my father in there?"

"Get away from that swinging door, little girl, you may get hurt!"

"Well, is my father in there?"

"Well, what if he is?"

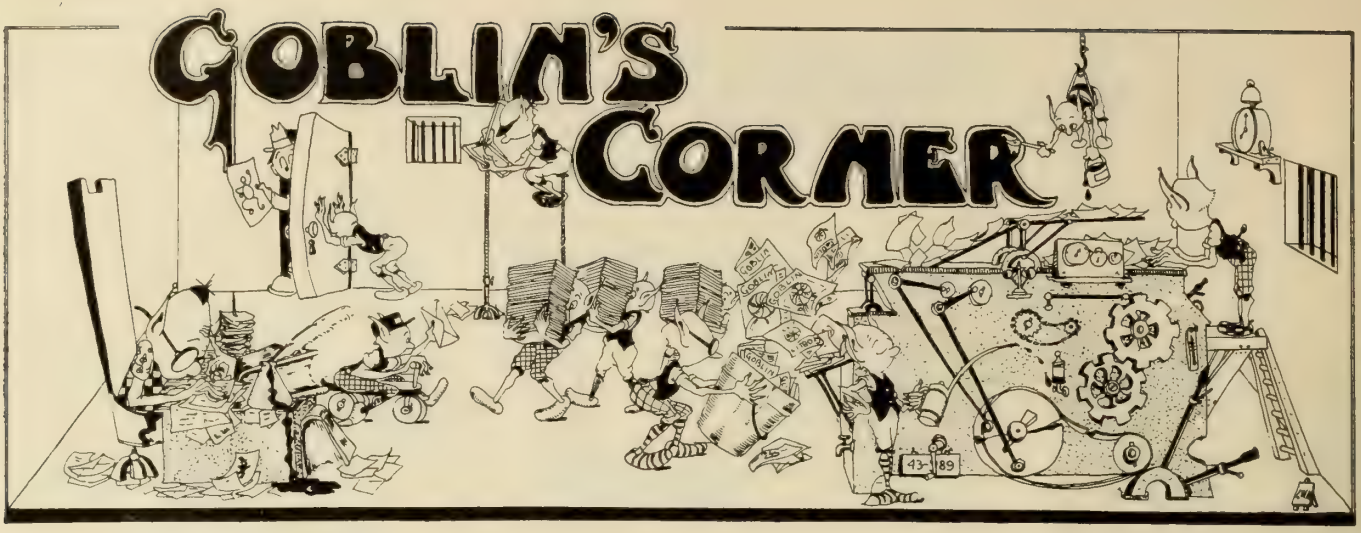
"Mother says she can't get the home-brew off the stove."

"Aw, what's the difference?"

"Well, brother Bobbie's jest fell in it!"

G—G—G

The British School of Archaeology has found an ivory lion 7,000 years old and wishes us to state that same will be returned to owner upon identification.



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"'But why,' persisted the puzzled Zebra, 'do they call it a University?'"

——Cosgrave's Metaphysics

Augustus O'Gawk came to college with a toothbrush, a clean pair of woollen socks and a three-thousand dollar library in sectional bookcases. He registered in honour classics, modern languages, philosophy and astronomy, slept in a telescopic bed and had Plato always on the breakfast table. On graduation, he was First Lemuel Splutterfuss Medallist in Acute Orientalism and was acquainted with every ism except Modernism. When he tried to hang out all his medals to air, in the back yard, the clothesline broke. His professors shook him solemnly by the hand as he was leaving, told him he was destined to be an everlasting top-notcher, and bade him god-speed on his way to take up his duties as Assistant Lecturer in Sanskrit in Hiram College, Ohio, at a salary of six hundred dollars a year. Blinking through his steel-rimmed glasses at the rest of his class-mates, he thought, "What fools a lot of them are."

Daphne DeLite came to college with a ukulele, a complete catalogue of cosmetics and four hundred pounds excess baggage in sectional wardrobe trunks. She registered in political economy because the professor was young and had brown eyes but did not attend any lectures because she discovered he had false teeth. By special request, she faded away at the end of her second year with a lot of that sort of knowledge that is not found in books. When she tried to hang out her collection of fraternity pins to air in the backyard, the clothesline broke. As she was leaving, the only son of the coal-car king corralled her, told her she was an everlasting top-notcher and asked her to be his everything-under-the-sun. Touching up her eye-lashes with a mascara brush, she glanced at the rest of her class-mates and thought, "What fools a lot of them are."

Gilbert Green came to college because his people thought he should be a lawyer and tinker with the mechanism of the scales of justice. He registered in sociology because it called for fourteen hours a week and included a lot of interesting field work. He finally received a degree by virtue of squatters' rights after he had been among those present for seven years. His attempts to attach himself to some first-water barristers landed him in the bread-line broke. Three years later after he had successfully engineered several radium mines, in which he knew there was a lot of money, because of the fact that he induced any number of people to put it there, he read a report of a class reunion and thought, "What fools a lot of them are."

Potage Canadien

Happy Days With the Almanack

In the Canadian Almanack's list (page 113) of commodities exempt from the Sales Tax the only four items listed under the letter H are: Hay, Honey, Hops and Hymn-books. Under E the three mentioned are Eggs, Electricity and Artificial Eyes. Under R appear Railway Ties and Religious Tracts.

As a memory aid for warehouse clerks the following is suggested:

Hay, Honey, Hymn-books,
Artificial Eyes,
Eggs, Electricity,
Railroad Ties.

As for Hops and Religious Tracts no suggestions are offered.

Protection

It may not be generally known that in the great and thriving city of Toronto (population, by conservative estimate, 530,000, after dinner estimate 600,000) the Union Station is locked up every night. With the new station not yet opened and the old one safely locked, the population may be reasonably expected to remain constant. However that may be, such protection for the C.P.R. and C.N.R. rolling stock should be unnecessary.

Appreciation

Lately it fell to our lot to be introduced to a young gentleman from Montana. We murmured our customary "How d'ye do" but were somewhat taken aback when looking piercingly through us he replied earnestly, "I'm very, very pleased to know you." We are always glad to afford people pleasure so we stopped and conversed for something like forty-five seconds. In retrospect the conversation seems to have been of an ordinary nature, something about the weather or the racing prospects. However, we must have unwittingly strewn some very scintillating repartee around for we made a deep impression on the gentleman from Montana. As we were about to part company he extended a hand with approximately the same motion as a railway signal and giving us another earnest look articulated impressively, "I'm very, very glad to have met you."

About half an hour later we met a friend in a hotel rotunda and we stopped to talk for a moment. He introduced us to another visitor to town, this time from Halifax. The latter growled something that sounded like, "H'do," nodded slightly and proceeded to pay no more attention to our conversation.

Isn't it a pity that everybody doesn't immediately appreciate our sterling worth?

Prophecy

There is a prophecy current that some day the Great Canadian novel is to be born among us. Hemon's beautiful prose poem, "Maria Chapdelaine" must be disqualified inasmuch as the author was not a Canadian in the full sense of the word. The looked-for work must come from the pen of one born in Canada and who has grown up in our atmosphere. Some day it will arrive. If it is very good, its sales may reach eight thousand.

"You can say what you like about jazz music, but it has kept lots of people out of jail."
"How come?"
"Well, if it wasn't for the music they'd be arrested."

The Onion Skin

London (Special)—Turks Agree to Eastern Parley

Read It and Weep

Member Dampunk News Service

Paris (Special)—Turks Refuse Eastern Parley

Gondola Talks on Waterways

Windsor Castle No Relation of Irene

CAN'T FOOL ONION SKIN

Prince Gondola of Venezia, life member of the Italian Royal Family, and one of the finest lugubriosos ever turned out by Signor Basso Profundo of Milano, is visiting Canada incognito.

After fooling hundreds of other newspapermen the Prince was detected by the Onion Skin reporter because he wore a Prince Albert coat and King suspenders. By these the reporter at once recognized him as a member of the Royal family. Prince Gondola had been staying at Windsor Castle.

"Is that any relation of Mrs. Irene Castle?" the Onion Skin asked.

"No, it is of a different family," Mr. Gondola replied in perfect French.

"And to what do you attribute your success in life?" was the next question.

"To plain living and hard work," replied the eminent authority on fan tail guinea-pigs in perfect Spanish. "I have been out of a job for twelve years but hope to acquire one soon. Failing that I am thinking of entering a bank."

"Is it true that you are about to marry the Marchioness Della Cigaro?" the Onion Skin inquired.

A royal flush overcame his features.

"I have nothing to say about that," he responded in perfect German. "The nuptials were to have been celebrated last winter, but one of them was broken in the fall.

"I think," he continued in perfect Russian, "that I should say a few words on the subject of waterways, although I feel that I might easily get beyond my depth. As far as I am concerned the questions of the St. Lawrence locks are closed. I am in favor of returning that river to its original owners. They made their bed; let them lie in it.

"As to Hydro Electric development," he concluded in numerous languages, "more power to it."

President Daniel of the Lion's Club was attacked in his den last night by one armed one-armed man.

THE OUTLOOK

The outlook for the college year 1922-23, taken as a whole, is what might be expected. Old clothes will be in heavy demand during the first two weeks, after which the trade will go to Mendicant Dealers. During this time a heavy rush on Frosh, common, is to be looked for. Good Resolutions will be at a discount which will be quickly followed by a distinct slump, reaching a premium about the first of December and the first of May, at which dates a heavy sale of last year's notes is expected. Professors' jokes will be discounted about the middle of the month. Spats, white preferred, will again appear despite strong pressure from engineering circles. In the Co-educational market the open season for chesterfields, beginning after the first cold spell, is expected to have a marked effect. Shoulders may be counted on to slump, while Powdered Noses should turn up sharply. A brisk trade in Class Pins is inevitable. It is not thought that this will affect the marriage market very strongly.

FOR SALE

As I am broadening out a bit just now have for sale some out-grown clothes, including one pair overalls and one homespun tweed suit. Would exchange same plus one straw ("cow-breakfast") hat for regulation platform-model morning coat. Apply E. C. D., Premier's office, Queen's Park, Toronto.

One nice railway running all across Canada. Apply Parliament Buildings, Ottawa.

Porous-Knit Phone Booth for J. Smith

Claim So-Called Employees Were Present

DID HE REPLY?

Yesterday afternoon, as far as can be learned, it is understood that a man who is said to have given the name of John Smith, supposed to be superintendent of what is known as Tim Ryan's Beef Sausage Works, is alleged to have been presented with a so-called porous-knit telephone booth as a token of esteem by what is claimed to be his office staff.

It is reported that Mr. Smith in what was referred to as a few well chosen remarks made what is believed to have been a reply and the Onion Skin is informed on good authority that he declared "Hully Chee! Is this for me? How can it be? North 423."

HAVRE DE GRACE

by

RAIL

Seths Lemon—Should squeeze out a win any day.

Royal Duck—This one is a bird.

Coyne—You'll have a hard time matching this baby.

Push Pin—Should come through anytime.

Flypaper—Stick something on this one.

My Favourite Story

by

Irvin S. Crabb

One day as I was riding down to the court-house in Lexington, Ky., I met an old darkey, whose grandfather had been one of my grandfather's slaves.

"Good morning, Colonel," said Mose.

"But I am not the inside of a nut," I replied brightly.

The old negro doubled up with mirth. "Ho! Ho! Ho!" he said, "You have your grandfather's wit."

The Crisis

CHAPTER I

Lord Houlazee stretched his aristocratic limbs twice before he rang for his Russian valet. A curtain at his bedside parted and that silent and obsequious domestic appeared.

"Vodka," said his Lordship, "Is my bawth drawn?"

"It is, sir," said the servant, bowing low.

"My shirt, is it laid out, replete with collar-buttons and cuff-links?"

"It is awaiting your Lordship's pleasure."

"And my shoes, are they polished to reflect the sky, and is my tea decently cooled?"

"All these things have been accomplished."

"Very well, then," said his Lordship with a sigh, "You might yawn two or three times for me before you brush my teeth."

Thus did Lord Houlazee begin a memorable day. You might imagine that his Lordship was happy. Alas, far otherwise is such! The social problems of his day lay heavy on his mind. Constantly he sought a solution. We shall see how he found it.

CHAPTER II

A very different scene is now presented for our scrutiny. Several hours before Lord Houlazee awoke in his palatial mansion, Bud Figgins opened his eyes to his little room in a dirty tenement house.

"————!" he said. "Another —— —— day!"

Mrs. Figgins from behind the dresser hurled a boot at him by way of a morning greeting.

"You —— —— ——!" said Bud as he strangled her.

Feeling refreshed, he dressed and strode out into the street. He had not had a job for six weeks and as it was about a month since he had eaten, he was rather hungry. He stopped at the pub. on the corner for a glass or two of breakfast. He came out drying his mouth on the sleeve of his coat. There was an unemployed meeting in the park. He made his way in that direction. As he crossed the bridle path a rider crashed into him, knocking him down.

"—— —— ——," shouted Bud, "Garn, you —— —— ——. Knockin' down an honest working man! 'Ow'd ye like ter be in my place, what?"

"Done!" said his Lordship, for it was none other, "It's a bargain. We shall change places for twenty-four hours and we shall see how it turns out. Perchance we shall find relief from our problems!"

We shall see how his words rang true.

CHAPTER III

Bud Figgins, as he mounted the stately chestnut mare so lately graced by his Lordship, clipped his heels to her side and galloped away. At the end of a hundred yards the mare stopped short and Bud, UNEQUAL TO THE OCCASION, plunged headlong over her head and was crushed to death beneath the wheels of a passing truck. With his last breath he drew a sigh.

"————!" he said.

Lord Houlazee climbed the stairs that night to Bud's room. As he approached the top the figure of Mrs. Figgins appeared over the banister.

"Drunk again, are ye, Bud!" she cried at the disguised aristocrat. "Well, I'll teach ye to choke me 'arf t' death! Take that, you —— ——!"

Whereupon she smote him twice over the head with a beer mug.

Lord Houlazee, UNEQUAL TO THE OCCASION, fell to the foot of the stairs, never to rise again.

Which shows that in our own spheres we are best fitted to discharge our several duties and that it is only when we tweak the nose of fate and seek with borrowed wings to sound the depths we cannot grasp, that the Black Maria of Misfortune draws up at the kerb.

"Quod erat demonstrandum"—Missouri state motto.

Prohibition enthusiast: "Do you drink?"
Artist: "Am I to consider that an invitation or an insult?"

Subject to Change Without Notice

"This car," said the salesman, "is made to withstand
The roughest and rockiest roads in the land.
One touch of the throttle: you're up and away!
The engine runs sweet as the flowers in May.
The tires, you will find, are the very best kind;
You'll leave every bus on the road far behind;
You'll hear not a squeak, no more scrapings or tinkles;
The car will delight you and smooth out the wrinkles."
And so they do. . . . . .
For a week or two.

"My dear," said the bridegroom, "I promise to be
The kindest of husbands. You'll find, love, in me
A man about whom you'll be never suspicious
I'll stay home each evening to bathe all the dishes.
I'll give up my clubs and at breakfast I'll smile
As I hand you the paper to read for a while.
I'll phone you each morning at half past eleven;
I'll change all your life to a rose-tinted heaven."
And so they do. . . .
For a week or two.

"My very dear friends," said the great politician,
"The country has gone to the dogs of perdition.
There's only one course that will save you from sorrow:
Elect me today and you'll thank me tomorrow.
I'll fearlessly tackle the booze and the tracks;
I'll put up the tariff and pull down the tax
Upon stamps, upon incomes, on weiners and glue;
I'll give you my best, which is all I can do."
And it's rumored they do. . . . . .
For a week or two.

The yeast is west
And the west is soused.

"Leggo!"

G G G

A La Burlesque

"When I look into your eyes, when I see you smile, like the sun after rain, when I see the lovelight deep in those limpid pools of loveliness. . . . . ."

"Uh-huh!"

"When I am near you, intoxicated with the subtlest of sachets, I wonder. . . . I wonder. . . ."

"Yes, yes, go on!"

"I wonder. . . . . if you could lend me a coupla dollars."

G G—G

Old Lady: "I see that tips are forbidden here."

Attendant: "Lor' Mum, so was apples at the Garden of Eden."

Moonworship

He looked haggard in the lamplight. He was the most dilapidated creature I had ever seen. He was old and seedy. He mumbled to himself as he passed me. Fascinated, I followed him a couple of blocks. When he reached the square he suddenly dropped on his knees and, stretching clasped hands above his head, began to pray in a loud voice. My curiosity overcame me and I approached him.

"What," I asked, "are you doing?"

"I am praying," came the solemn reply, "to the moon, the Goddess of Chance."

"Well," I said, "what are you praying for?"

"Alas!" he moaned, "mine is a heavy burthen. I may not speak of it." I gave him half a dollar.

"Drinks are high these days," he said.

I gave him another half.

"Now!" said I, "are you going to tell me what you were praying for?"

He looked at me with tragic blood-shot eyes. Evidently he thought he could trust me.

"I was praying," he said, "that if I did this long enough the moon would send me a kind stranger who would ask me what I was doing and provide the price of a couple of drinks to find out."

As he sadly shuffled away, I heard him mumbling to himself: "She heard my prayer. She understood. And why not, even the moon herself gets full occasionally."

G -G—G

Retrospect

O, I'm sick and tired of the social gamut,
Fed to the teeth with frivolity, dammit!
Why should I raggit with women that toddle,
Strong in the shafting but weak in the noddle?
When far to the north there's the whisper of trees,
Why whisper with women with wavering knees?
The wavelets that dimple in rivulets sweet
Shall bathe with their kisses my dance-swollen feet.
The breezes that blow through the north country pines
Blow sweeter than breath of Niagara wines.
So I'm off and away from the swirl of the grotto,
From ladies insatiable, gentlemen blotto.
The mind of the purest society daughter
Is muddy compared to Timagami water.

—*L. L.*

G—G—G

First Quaker: "Wilt thee have an egg-nogg, friend?"
Second Quaker: "Shake on it."

THAT IRRESISTABLE HABIT.

The Open Places

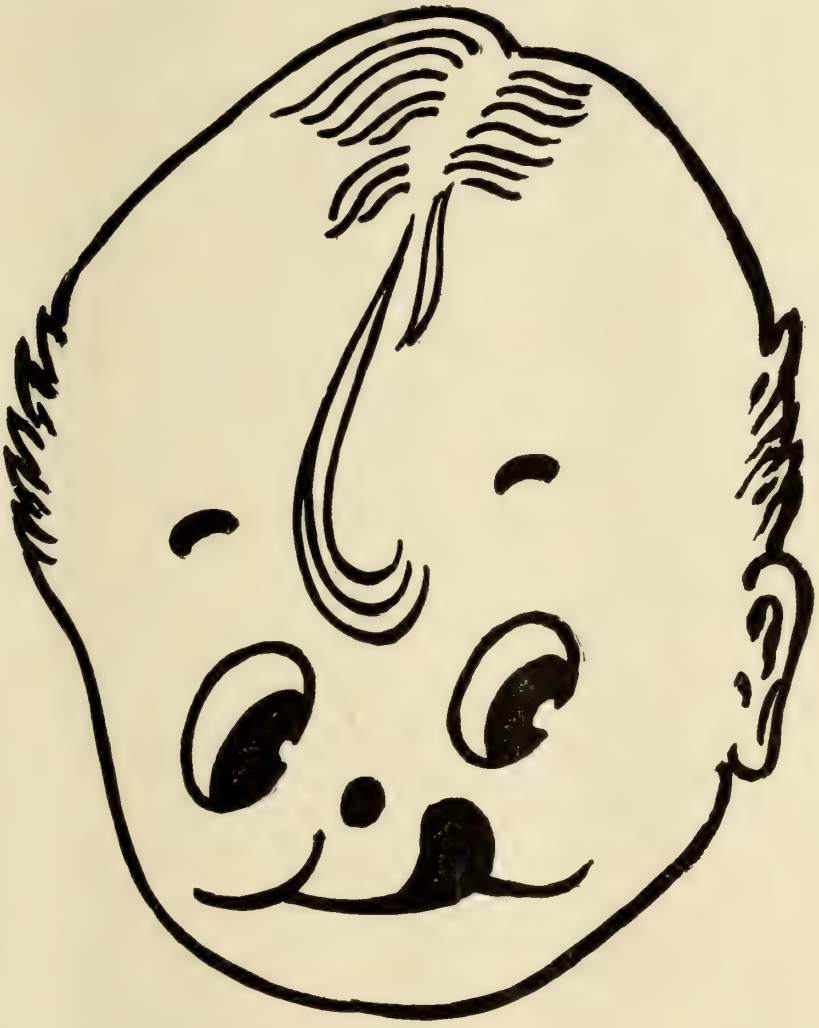
by

D. M. LeBourdais.

Nothing but the cry of a lone wolf
Calling to its mate
Breaks the frigid Artic stillness.
This has nothing to do with the story—
It is merely atmosphere—
It shows we are familiar
With current literature.
On with the story!
Drag in the heroine—
Introduce the villain—
There's a hero, never fear!
Well, let's go:
Look down the trail there—
What do you see . . . ? a skirt . . . ?
Well, that is she—the heroine.
Scan these lines and learn
How she outwits
Macsnort,
The whisky-swilling outlaw
Of Carroway Crossing,
Whose hot, fetid breath
Already fans her cheek.
(Figure of speech—he's still
A couple of miles behind)
See how gracefully she
Swings along the trail!
Her little tootsies leave hardly a mark
On the surface of the frozen wastes.
At her heels,
Whining uneasily from time to time,
Shuffles her pet bear-cub.
She had reared it on a bottle—
But that's another story.
She is beautiful—
Of course she is!—
They all are.
She is on a visit to the grave
Of her dead lover who died
Selling ice-cream freezers
To the starving Eskimos.
Macsnort approaches . . .
He fixes her with evil eye.
"Alas! I am but a simple maiden,"
She cries.
"Cut the ingenue stuff!"
Spits out Macsnort.
"Can't fool you, old dear, eh what?"
(She is kidding him along)
Down the trail a bright speck moves . . .
Is it possible . . . ?
Is she to be saved after all . . . ?
Yes, yes, it is indeed the red tunic
Of the R. N. W. M. P.
"Do you think it'll rain, Mr. Macsnort?"
She inquires demurely.
(She has to say something)
"You're a deep one," he growls,
"But you can't kid me."
His eyes aflame with passion,
He advances with steady tread.
Does that red speck really move . . . ?
Or is it just imagination . . . ?
Behind her is a yawning chasm—
(We forgot to mention this before)
Macsnort crouches for a spring . . .
(To be continued in our next)

She: "What would you do if the rope broke?"
The Goof: "I'd leave the party at once."

Patterkrisp



"Everybody Knows Me"

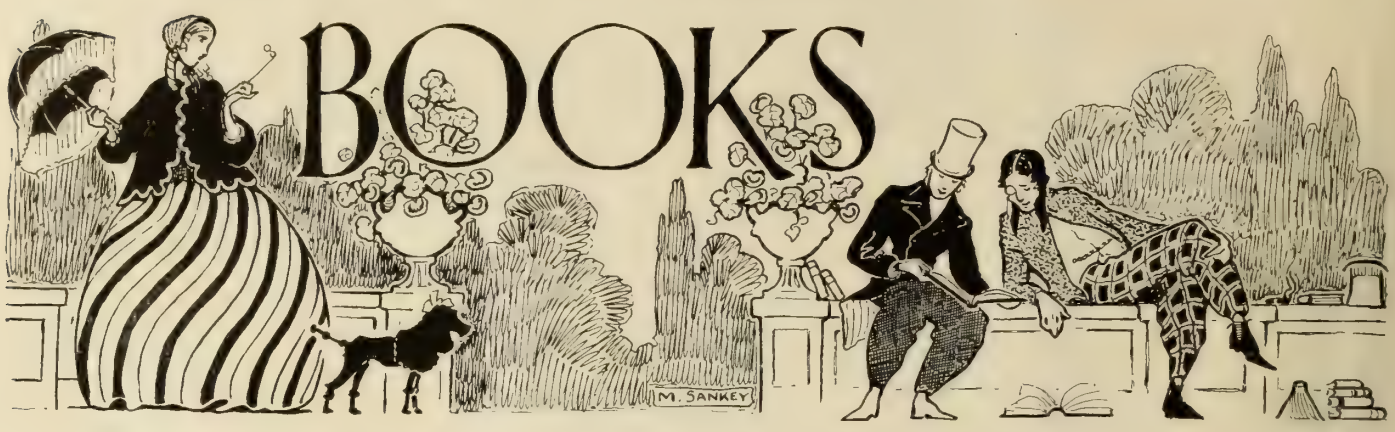
"Everybody Likes Me"

"Well, 'the fall is here,' as the farmer said when he visited Niagara. The fall is here and I'm sorta glad. Yeh, I'm a kind of a fall guy, I like the autumn days. Who am I? Why I'm the Patterkrisp Kid"

"I'm fresh and sweet — the best of all good things to eat."

The Patterson Candy Company LIMITED

951 Queen Street West - Toronto, Ont.



VIOLA GYWN.—*By George Barr McCutcheon. Toronto: The Ryerson Press Ltd., Publishers.* $2.00.

We rise to pin the shining medal of the One Idea Club on the reluctant breast of George Barr McCutcheon. This award is given to those who have successfully made the same idea carry them through consecutive novels to Fame and Fortune. It shines proudly on his illustrious contemporary Ethel M. Dell. It will be found, half concealed, upon the waistcoat of Mr. Rupert Hughes.

Briefly: "Viola Gwyn" is "Old Stuff."

The tale is of Indiana in the early "30's". The union of Kenneth and Viola Gywn is for a time thwarted by a supposed relationship, a vindictive mother and a scheming villain.

If "Three Soldiers" disgusted you, you will probably be delighted with "Viola Gywn."

THE POMP OF POWER. — *Anonymous. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart. Publishers.* $4.00.

If most of the other unofficial revelations which have followed in the wake of the war are prejudicial, this one is judicial. Whoever the author may be he writes with assurance and evident knowledge.

"The Pomp of Power" is in tone far less intimate than, for instance, either "The Mirrors of Downing Street" or Colonel Repington's Diary. The author takes the opportunity of criticizing Colonel Repington for allowing the publication of the latter book.

"A generation from now," he says, "it might have been a useful and interesting record . . . . . But, above all, its publication to-day was a breach of confidence upon a wholesale scale."

As for the author of "The Mirrors of Downing Street" he contents himself with remarking, "At the risk of making an egregious error I am inclined to believe that that anonymous writer does not move in the same world as Colonel Repington."

The book includes one full chapter of some seventy-five pages on the conference at Versailles which students of the treaty should find both informative and interesting.

Of Lord Beaverbrook, the author says, "No reasonable explanation has ever been given in England for the antipathy to him which was then (1916) so wide-spread in Canada. Possibly it must be regarded as an exemplification of the saying that a prophet has no honor in his own country."

"The Pomp of Power" is not a chatty book. It is rather a group of illuminative essays written in a direct and economical style. Its purpose is to inform rather than to beguile.

CHARLES REX.—*By Ethel M. Dell. Toronto: The Ryerson Press, Ltd., Publishers.* $2.00.

As long as there is a market for crayon portraits, illustrated cushion covers and toothpicks, as long as people eat oranges on steamboat excursions, as long as cheap movies draw large crowds, so long will Ethel M. Dell live and flourish among us. Which will be a long time.

The hero of this book—which is to say all Dell books—is a roue of thirty-five or thereabout who is wicked. He is very, very bad. He takes the same peurile delight in being thoroughly naughty as a freshman on his initial binge. He is about as satisfying as a cream puff. So are his associates.

The story is mysterious—very mysterious, but somehow when it is all solved and the book lent to the cook, we wondered if it were worth solving. We read "Charles Rex" among the beauties of Muskoka. It was like eating strawberries and gravy.

We rather liked the girl on the jacket.

COOMER ALI.—*By S. B. H. Hurst. Toronto: Hodder and Stoughton, Publishers.* $1.75.

A Moslem, temporarily converted to atheism by a family disaster, meets a black-listed British sea-captain in an Indian opium den. Coomer Ali, the former, has determined to commit suicide by the original method of going to Mecca and announcing from a muezzin-tower that there is no Allah. Armit, the latter, has a magnificent plan for the theft of a whole ship's cargo. The two men join forces. Net result: one of the strangest tales ever set on a linotype.

Mr. Hurst's literary style will not bear very close scrutiny and he has given the yarn a rather unfortunate conventionalized ending. But never mind. It would still be a good story even if it were told by James Oliver Curwood.

THIS FREEDOM.—*By A. S. M. Hutchinson. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart, Ltd., Publishers.* $2.00.

In the month's diet of books, if Ethel M. Dell and H. St. John Cooper represent the cream-puffery, A. S. M. Hutchinson's "This Freedom" is as certainly the beefsteak. It is unfortunate that this steak is a little tough and the manner of serving—to tastes of this continent—slightly unpalatable. The nourishment, however, is unmistakably present.

How far shall the new independence of women be recognised? Rosalie desired only a career. When, against her will, love was thrust upon her she refused to regard it as a limitation—not even children. Hutchinson brings to bear all the wealth of introspection so manifest in "If Winter Comes" in the exposition of this problem, for problem enough there turns out to be. As in the former novel there is a good deal of disaster. Mr. Hutchinson has poured on disaster with a relentless hand. The Book of Job has been his text book.

We judge he is not entirely in favor of the new woman. Certainly not as a mother. We cannot help feeling that his voice is authoritative. He lays the case sympathetically and his book must be regarded as a warning rather than an indictment.

When the book was finished we imagine one of the author's friends leaned over his shoulder and said: "Oh, I say now, it's very good and all that sort of thing, but really, you know, don't you think it's a bit thick, leaving them all on the rocks like that at the end?" It must have been a very influential friend that made Hutchinson tack on that fatuous and ineffect-

(*Continued on page 28*)

PLAYER'S
NAVY CUT
CIGARETTES

"Finest Workmanship"

Package of 10 - 20¢
" " 20 - 35¢
Enamel Tin " 50 - 90¢
" " " 100 - $1.75

Jeffery Farnol
George Barr McCutcheon

Those names immediately bring up memories of delightful hours spent with them in stirring romances. And here are new ones by both.

By JEFFERY FARNOL
PEREGRINE'S PROGRESS

Really a sequel to "The Broad Highway," in the same period and style and using several of the same characters. One of the best Farnol has done.

By GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON
VIOLA GWYN

Here's a fascinating, enthralling story with a beautiful, dashing heroine, set in the times of a hundred years ago. You'll want to read it all at a sitting.

YOUR BOOKSELLER HAS THESE

THE RYERSON PRESS
PUBLISHERS - - TORONTO

A Romance of a Century of Wonderful Progress

British History in the Nineteenth Century
1782 - 1901

By George Macaulay Trevelyan, C.B.E., author of "Garibaldi and the Making of Italy," "Life of John Bright," "Lord Grey of the Reform Bill," etc., etc.

With Maps - $3.75

Primarily a history of Great Britain, but of Britain as the centre of a group of kindred communities and of an Empire in constant growth. The chief theme of the book is social evolution as caused by economic change and in turn causing political change.

Longmans, Green & Co.
210 Victoria St., : Toronto

heck-darn !!
I wish I had
a
Forsyth

Have you ever had a perfectly good party spoiled by some irregularity in the matter of dress?

Your shirt, for instance.

Suppose it doesn't fit as it should; neckband too tight; the front all skugee; sleeves too short or too long or something of that sort. It doesn't feel right, consequently you do not feel right.

Gets you off to a bad start, doesn't it?

Just remember this! Forsyths have made an exhaustive study of your shirt requirements and "Forsyth" has become a by-word for Quality, Fit and Finish throughout the entire country.

Guaranteed and Manufactured by

JOHN FORSYTH LIMITED
Kitchener, Canada

So Refreshing

McLAUGHLIN'S GINGER ALE
"BELFAST" and "CANADA DRY"

AT HART HOUSE TUCK
AND MOST GOOD SHOPS

HYGEIA "BEST" BEVERAGES

"Why did Marjorie break off your engagement?"

"Because I stole a kiss."

"How ridiculous of a girl objecting to her fiance stealing a kiss from her."

"Oh, but you see I didn't steal it from her."

—Princeton Tiger.

G—G—G

Little Sister: "Do fairy stories always start 'Once upon a time'?"

Mother: "No, some of them start with, 'I have to study at the library, tonight.' " *—Malteaser.*

G—G—G

EDUCATED DOG

"Lay down, pup. Lay down. That's a good doggie. Lay down, I tell you."

"Mister, you'll have to say, 'Lie down.' He's a Boston terrier." *—Nashville Tennesseean.*

G—G—G

STANDING ROOM ONLY

Professor: "This lecture is apt to be somewhat embarrassing. If any men or women care to leave they may."

Student in back of room: "Professor, can I invite some of my friends?" *—Octopus.*

Footlights and Screen

ARTHUR PEARSON'S "Zig-zag" is far and away the best of the Schubert vaudeville offerings that have appeared here this season and in it the fascinatingly fantastic dancing of Bessie McCoy Davis stands out like a particularly luscious cherry floating in a particularly tempting cocktail.

Bessie McCoy Davis steps down to the footlights. . . . . Bessie McCoy Davis in a clown suit. . . . . She puts on a clown hat. . . . . at a rakish slant. . . . . She puts on an enormous pair of white gloves. . . . . "I may forget the words of this song," she says, "We just wrote it last week—or something." . . . . . A new song? . . . . . Everybody knows. . . . . Suddenly! . . . . . The white hand thrust high in the air! . . . . . The orchestra! . . . . . "Yama-yama man!" . . . . . She dances . . . . . Shades of Puck and Peter Pan! . . . . . The spirit of James Whitcomb Riley!

Again. . . . . Bessie McCoy Davis in a white shock wig and a red imp's costume . . . . . with attending red-headed hobgoblins. . . . Spooks! . . . . Mystery! . . . . . Mischief! . . . . . And through it all, something wistful. . . . . Something human. . . . . Something refreshingly childish!

She dances as though nothing else matters—even the next step. And it doesn't. She can't be awkward. She can't be ungraceful. She comes, after the insinuating sensualities of the oriental contortionists and snake dancers, like an impudent breath of fresh air through a dope den.

The Emperor Jones

The American negro of today, strange mixture of white civilization and the ancient voodoo background! Jones, escaped convict and murderer, has imposed upon the superstitions and credulity of a tribe of West Indian natives. He makes himself emperor of the island. He is not, however, out for the glory. All the while he is salting down, little by little, an immense fortune in foreign banks. When his time is up he plans to abscond. It is when he is lost in the forest, fleeing from the rebellious natives, that his primitive soul arises to throttle him.

It is a two man play: Charles S. Gilpin and the author, Eugene O'Neill. If the season holds many plays to compare with it we shall be well satisfied.

THE FATAL MARRIAGE.—*Supervised by D. W. Griffith. Featuring Wallace Reid and Lillian Gish.*

David Wark Griffith has many formulae for successful moving picture production. One of the first seems to be let the theme be one that is already well grounded in the minds of the audience, popular legendry modernised is what they crave. By all means don't shock them with a new idea! This is the secret of his ascendancy. For all we know it's a tip straight from the stalls. It works: it must be good. After all, we recall Solomon's sage remark anent novelties.

"The Fatal Marriage" is a screen version of Tennyson's "Enoch Arden." The original story is followed closely. One word of praise for Griffith. He has courage to shun the conventional happy ending.

Tip Top Clothes

New Autumn Fabrics

A new fall suit, overcoat or topcoat tailored to your own individual measure of all-wool fabrics at our standard price $24. Any shade, any pattern, any style—choose what you like—they're all one price.

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I MAKE AND SELL:

DRINKS	VIOLINS
CONFECTIONERY	TOBACCO
SANDWICHES	CAKES

Ladies and Gentlemen, I give you the personal service that is all-important.

BOOKS

(*Continued from page 25*)

ual postcript. It comes as the vapid remarks of an exceptionally obtuse chairman after an interesting address, intended only to send the audience cheerfully home to bed.

THE DEAVES AFFAIR.—*By Hulbert Footner. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart, Ltd., Publishers,* $1.75.

Item: One hero of Hair-breadth Harry propensities. You can club him, smother him, chuck him out, knock him down, blow him up, lambaste him or threaten to blow his brains out, but he always comes back for more with his dogged firm jaw and his dark eyes glowing. Grit and Sand will win in the end.

Item: One mystery woman, beautiful, clever, musical and tragic. Over her head hangs an enigmatic cloud that cannot be blown away until the end. Why cannot she marry Evan Weir?

Item: One eccentric millionaire of miserly nature—buys his clothes at second-hand stores and haggles with fruit vendors.

Sundry blackmailers, children's fresh air excursions, the strange house in the woods, the mysterious brotherhood of the Ikunahkatsi and through these the love of Evan Weir, amateur detective, for his elusive tiger woman.

The plot's the thing!—should be followed with profound faith that the author can clear things up in the end. Of course, we never suspected that it would end that way!

(*Continued on page 31*)

Ford CAR WINS GOLD MEDAL as Pathfinder of the Canadian Rockies

FORD CAR PILOTED BY GEORGE GORDON MAKES FAST TIME TO COAST AND GETS GOLD MEDAL.

Made Trip of Seventeen Hundred Miles Over Rocky Mountains in Eight Days without Repairs or Change of Tires.

[*From the Edmonton Journal, July 15th*]

The recent pathfinding tour from Edmonton to Victoria, B.C., brought further laurels to the Ford Car and it demonstrated that this popular car can be operated successfully under the most severe conditions.

When the City of Victoria offered a gold medal to the driver of the first car to blaze a trail from Edmonton to Victoria via Jasper Pass, Yellowhead Pass and Kamloops, it was considered an almost impossible feat, and if accomplished the trip would take from three to five weeks and the car would be almost a wreck.

A motor road between Edmonton and Victoria has been the dream of Western Canadians. An automobile had never crossed the Rocky Mountains. Mr. George F. Gordon, the winner of the Gold Medal gives unstinted praise to the Ford Car in which he made the trip:—"I knew that if any car got through in reasonable time it would be the Ford, and to back my own faith, I purchased a new Ford Roadster. We never had the slightest trouble with the engine, and we found it economical on both tires and gas. We had no further damage than a broken spring leaf, and never used any of the spare parts. The tires do not show any wear at all, nor did we have a puncture. If I should ever have occasion to make a similar trip I will take a Ford."

Remarkable, Yes! Unusual, No! Every day on the ragged edge of civilization, hundreds of Fords blaze new trails, do the impossible. Sufficient publicity has not been given to the unbelievable performances of the Ford.

128

FORD MOTOR CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED, FORD, ONTARIO

KNITTED GARMENTS

have much more of style and character when they are

Knit By Hand

Hand-knitting is our specialty. Let our staff of experts knit that garment you have in mind. Or, if you prefer to knit it yourself, select the material from our complete range of

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Full instructions in knitting any style, free to customers.

Also Monarch Knitting Instruction Book No. 10—80 pages showing the latest styles of hand-knit garments and novelties with full instructions, only 25 cents.

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Teacher of Modern Dancing

PRIVATE LESSONS ONLY

STUDIO:
356 Brunswick Avenue
Phone: Coll. 37

Orchestra Drummer: "I'm the fastest man in the world."

Violinist: "How's that?"

O. D.: "Time flies, doesn't it?"

V.: "So they say."

O. D.: "Well, I beat time."

—*Chaparral*

Evening Classes in Matriculation (Pass and Honor).

Upper and Middle School Normal Entrance

will open October 2nd, 1922, at 7.30 p.m., in the Collegiate Institutes on Jarvis Street (near Carlton) and Harbord Street (corner Euclid).

Languages, History, Mathematics and Science for Teachers, for entrance to University Arts, Medicine, Law, Applied Science, and to Chartered Accountancy.

These classes are especially helpful to Public School teachers qualifying for higher certificates. Tuition free. Students must register (fee $2) at 7.30 p.m., in each school, week beginning September 25th.

H. A. BERLIS,
Chairman of Management Committee

W. W. PEARSE,
Business Administrator
and Secretary-Treasurer.

The Girl: "What was that song the Choir just sang?"

The Boy: "From the looks of things it must have been a lullaby."

—*Froth*

G—G—G

"It must be out of order," said the absent-minded professor, as he tried to fill his eversharp in the library inkwell.

—*Humbug*

"What are you doing up there, building a bird house?"

"No, Foolish, I'm erecting a service station for flying fish."

—*Pelican.*

A "SECRET SORROW"

Maiden (in lower berth): "Sweet slumber, kiss my eyelids."

Drunk (in upper berth): "Shay, who ish shish guy Shlumber, anyway?"

—*Widow*

G—G—G

Co-ed: "What makes the Tower of Pisa lean?"

Ed: "It was built during a famine."

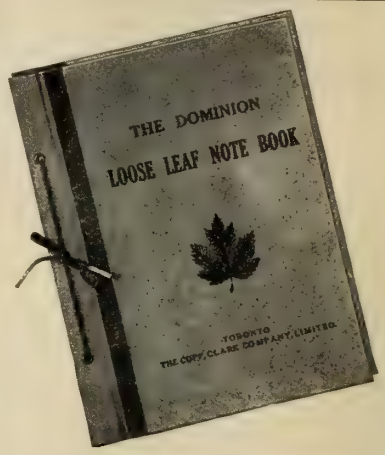
—*Record*

G—G—G

"My father's a trustee in a bank!"

"Pshaw! That's nothing; my paw's a trusty in a great big jail."

—*Jack o'Lantern*



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the store of service and satisfaction, because we give 5% discount to students.

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Agents for Waterman's Fountain Pens and Eversharp Pencils. If you have any pen or pencil troubles, bring them to us and we will repair them.

Miss Gloria Swanson, the famous film star, reached England last Monday week. She encountered rough weather on the Atlantic; but we are pleased to say that there is no truth in the rumor that, on her arrival, she cabled to America the following modification of an ancient jest: "Sick trans't. Gloria. Monday." — *Punch*

"A man is known by the company he keeps"

Whether you are a member of a Club, a Frat or a Class, your emblem pin should reflect the character of your organization. We specialize in designing Emblem Pins of distinctive originality.

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Whether you play rugby, soccer, basketball, or indulge in any athletic sport, Spalding implements give most satisfaction.

Spalding athletic clothing for every sport; also sweaters, jerseys, shoes, etc.

Catalogue on request

A. G. Spalding & Bros

OF CANADA, LTD.

207 YONGE ST. : : TORONTO

(BOOKS—Continued from page 28)

THE CLOSING GATES.—*By Winifred F. Peck. Toronto: Hodder and Stoughton, Publishers.* $2.00.

This is one of those books about which, when nearing its middle, one is tempted to venture a guess that it contains more auto-biography than fiction.

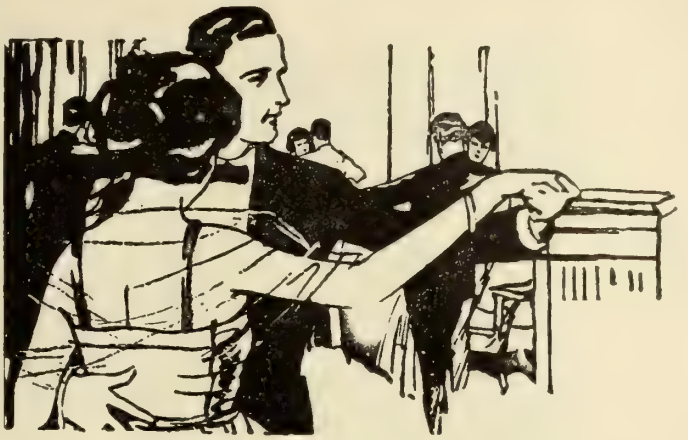
The closing gates are those of the temple of Janus, which, it may be remembered, were only open during times of war. The period is, obviously, that immediately following the late war.

The life of Giles and his wife, Celia, in after-the-war London is in many ways reminiscent of that of Anthony and Gloria in "The Beautiful and Damned." The liquor complex is, however, notably absent. Likewise neither Giles nor Celia are nearly so foot-loose as their American prototypes; there is nothing hysterical about their contemplation of blank disaster. Though they are subjected to many conditions parallel to those encountered by Anthony and Gloria, they are slightly saner and certainly less superficial than that pair; if need be they would have been better able to meet poverty.

The novel contains two or three dramatic surprises up to which the reader must later realize he has been very skilfully led.

The character of Celia is remarkably well depicted; that of Giles is largely negative. He is no more or less than an average well-bred young Englishman with a background of a country home and an old-fashioned education which he finds next to useless when it becomes necessary for him to enter business.

A good tonic for young married people.



"—and the dancing has begun now"

Heine

No wonder the happy couples dance for merry music fills the air. Alluring sounds that invite the feet to trip lightly come from yonder Grafonola—it plays the latest tunes from popular Columbia Records. Here are a few of them:

Say It While Dancing. (Silver.) Fox-Trot. Eddie Elkins' Orchestra. **The Sneak.** (Brown.) Fox-Trot. Eddie Elkins' Orchestra.	A-3660 85c.
Georgette. (Henderson.) Fox-Trot. Ted Lewis and His Band. **Send Back My Honeyman.** (Handman.) Fox-Trot. Ted Lewis and His Band.	A-3662 85c.
Come Along (I'm Through With Worryin'), from "Ziegfeld Follies, 1922." (Layton.) Fox-Trot. Ray Miller and His Orchestra. **Two Little Wooden Shoes.** (Hanley.) Intro. "Swanee Sway," from "The Spice of 1922." Medley Fox-Trot. Ray Miller and His Orchestra.	A-3671 85c.
Truly. (Rose.) Fox-Trot. Knickerbocker Orchestra. Under direction of Eddie Elkins. **Susie.** (Kalmar and Ruby.) Fox-Trot. Knickerbocker Orchestra. Under direction of Eddie Elkins.	A-3670 85c.
Drowsy Waters. Waltz. Ferera's Hawaiian Instrumental Quartet. **Ua Like—Noa Like.** Ferera's Hawaiian Instrumental Quartet.	A-3658 85c.
Silver Stars. (Wenrich.) Fox-Trot. Paul Specht and His Hotel Astor Orchestra. **In Rosetime.** (Earl.) Fox-Trot. Paul Specht and His Hotel Astor Orchestra.	A-3672 85c.

Columbia Records

Columbia Graphophone Co., Toronto

Canadian Golfer

Ralph H. Reville, Editor

Official Organ of the Royal Canadian Golf Association and the only golfing publication in the Dominion.

Handsomely illustrated every month, and generally pronounced one of the finest Golf Magazines on the Continent. Circulates from coast to coast and is read from "cover to cover" by the best people of the Dominion.

As an advertising medium the "Canadian Golfer," as a result of its large and high-class circulation is unexcelled in Canada. Write for rate card.

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Subscription price (prepaid) anywhere in Canada, Great Britain and the United States, $4.00 per annum.

For Afternoon Tea

Insist on Delicious, Fragrant

"SALADA"

Always so Pure, Fresh and Flavoury.

CERTAIN PEOPLE OF IMPORTANCE.—*By Kathleen Norris. Toronto: S. B. Gundy, Publishers.* $2.00.

As the publishers of Mrs. Norris' new novel advise the prospective reader, it is an epic of an American family. The Crabtrees' history is, in essence, not an exceptional one; it is probably the same as that of hundreds of other pioneer families in the American west. What is exceptional is a novel giving such a clear, and likewise fascinating, account of their progress.

The analogy between a novel of this type and a large canvas is almost too commonplace to mention. The truth is, however, that Mrs. Norris has painted a magnificent picture, magnificent both in its scope and in its perception.

Continued on page 38

"Dack's cannot use poor leather. They buy nothing but the best."

Dack's SHOES for MEN

are sold only in Dack's Stores—Montreal, Toronto, and Winnipeg and by mail. Out of town patrons should write for new style book and self measurement chart.

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MAKERS OF MENS SHOES FOR OVER 100 YEARS
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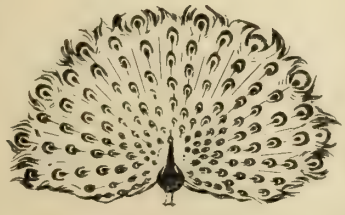
Make This Goblin Your Ally!

You like Goblins, or you wouldn't be reading this!

The Neilson Goblin is a wonderful little sprite. He knows the secret that unlocks fair lips and brings a sparkle of pleasure to fair eyes.

Make him your ally when you visit Her! Take her a box of—



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ARROW SHIRTS

THE neckbands will not shrink—the sleeves come in the length you want—the patterns and fabrics reflect fashion's smartest tendency, and the make is of the highest class.

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The Investment of $50.00

Securities of the most unquestionable type are available for those who desire to invest in amounts ranging from $50 upward.

Such investments regularly made will help build up an estate for the investor and help to build up the community.

Start the thrift habit today
Suggestions on request

A. E. AMES & CO.
Established 1889
Investment Securities
TORONTO
Montreal Chicago New York Victoria

Ding dong bell,
Dean's in the well.
Who put him in?
Student full of gin—
Who'll pull him out?
Some crazy lout.
—*Purple Cow.*

"A fine bunch of hogs you've got there."

"Yep; they're razorbacks, but they're not mean and dangerous like razorbacks usually are."

"Ah, I see. Sort of a safety razor, eh?"—*Gargoyle.*

In the Autumn

One should be most careful to eat food of nourishing, tissue-building properties. The winter is ahead with its stress and strain. One should be in the best possible physical condition to meet it.

Peanut butter is an established favorite in most Canadian homes; and rightly so, for apart from its appetizing and delectable qualities it is an ideal body building food.

In the Autumn eat peanut butter and remember, too, that MacLaren's is the superior brand.

Children love it.

MacLaren-Wright, Limited
Toronto, Canada

Irate Cop: Sober up there! Now, do ye mean to tell me ye don't know your own name?

Boiled One: 'Sall ri', ossifer, I'm not myself jus' now.—*Puppet.*

G—G—G

FADE AWAY

"How old are you, little girl?"

"Seven, sir, going on 'leven."

"Seven going on eleven? How's that?"

"Pa says it's only natural."

—*Sun Dial.*

G—G—G

Tall Handsome Bandit (holding up train): Now, I'll take the money from the men and a kiss from every woman.

Short Partner: Never mind about the kissin', Jack; get the dough.

Old Maid in the Rear: You mind your own business, the tall man's robbing this train!—*Ex.*

G—G—G

First Kindergarten Teacher: "And how many children have you?"

Second K. Teacher: "Twenty-nine. And how many have you?"

First K. Teacher: "Thirty-six."

Pat, in seat ahead: "Say, what part of Ireland are ye from?"—*Puppet.*

Store: *Main 6862*
Tea Room: *Main 2473*

BINGHAM'S —LIMITED—

146 Yonge Street

Noon Luncheon
11.30—2 p. m.

Afternoon Teas
2.30—5 p. m.

Evening Dinner
5.00—7.30 p. m.

Makers of
"Polly-Anna Chocolates"
"The Glad Candies"

The Wrong Suggestion

The colored minister of a small Southern church decided to hold a home-talent entertainment to raise funds for the church. Members who had talent were asked to take part. One old darkey, who claimed to be a clarinet player, was slighted. He went to the minister:

"Parson, why do you all leave me out ob de show?"

"Why, Sam, what can you do?"

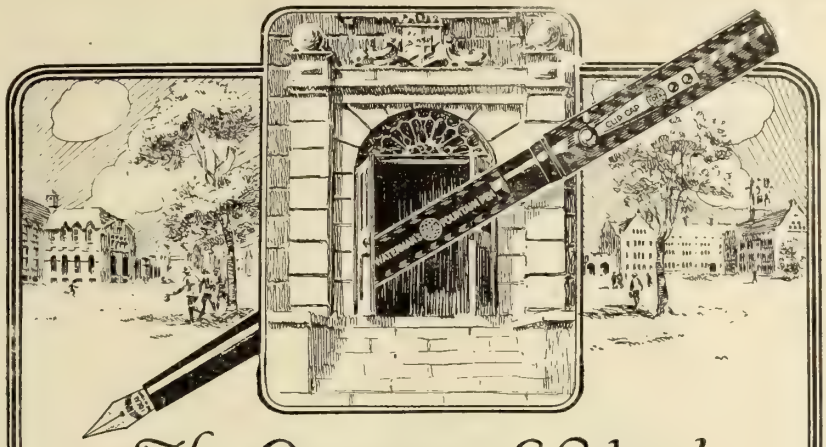
"I kin play de clarinet."

The minister assured Sam that he would be on the program. After several numbers the minister announced a solo by a clarinet player, Bruther Sam Brown.

Sam bowed and began to play. For five minutes he evolved one simple scale over and over. The audience became impatient. One large negro could stand the monotony no longer. He rose and cried: "Put dat fool out!"

There was silence. The minister asked: "Who am so rude as to call dat clarinet player a fool?" There was no response. The minister repeated his inquiry. No reply. "Fo' de third and las' time, who called dat clarinet player a fool?" angrily asked the minister.

Another negro rose and said: "Parson, yo' am making a mistake. De question am not 'Who called dat clarinet player a fool?' but it am, 'Who called dat fool a clarinet player?' "—*Judge.*



The Opening of School

again brings to the front the vital importance of providing the proper pen for every student and scholar.

Every attention is paid to having text books easy to read, in order to avoid eye-strain.

Too often, little attention is given to the choice of a pen—with the result that the wrong size or shape of the ordinary pen tires the hand, writing becomes irksome, and the handwriting grows more and more illegible.

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

is an education in smooth, easy, effortless writing.

The steady, uninterrupted flow of ink allows the pen to keep pace with the student's thoughts.

It provides a size to perfectly fit every hand, from boy and girl just entering the graded schools to those attending college and university.

There is a point to suit every style of writing, including the point recommended by Boards of Education, fitted to three distinct types of barrel—regular, safety and self-filling.

See that your boy or girl has the right pen to do his or her best work at school.

$2.50 $4 $5 and Up

Selection and Service at best stores everywhere

L. E. Waterman Company, Limited.

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New York Boston Chicago
San Francisco London Paris

Dead Certain

Jim: Well, I think I'll go to my Ec. class tomorrow.

Jam: I guess I'd better go with you.

Jim: Why should you go with me? You're not in the class.

Jam: You will probably need some one to identify you.—*Sun Dodger.*

Today's Great Thought

If a cannibal eats his father's sister, what is he? Ant-eater, dumb-bell!

If a cannibal eats his father and mother, what is he? An orphan, foolish!

If a cannibal eats his wife's mother, what is he? Gladiator. Strike three!

—*Orange Peel.*

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about the city in which you live?

You Can Have

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Interesting
Impersonal
Non-Partisan
and
Authoritative
Information
About
Toronto
—if you read

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THE DIET KITCHEN TEA ROOMS

72 Bloor Street W., Toronto

BREAKFAST LUNCHEON
AFTERNOON TEA DINNER

OPEN SUNDAYS Phone North 4382

He: "Aren't his fingers unusually agile for a piano player?"

She: "Well, you see, he used to be cheerleader at a deaf and dumb institute." —*Panther.*

G—G—G

Rumb: "At the Follies the other night my eyes felt like little birds."

Dumb: "How come?"

Rumb: "Flitting from limb to limb, my deah boy." —*Phoenix.*

G—G—G

PNEUMATIC SCHOOLS FOR THE VERY YOUNG

Saint Vitus.—Boys of highest cash character only. Free air. Billiards and pool. We develop personality, flat feet, and varicose brains.

University of Kalamazoo. — Mail-order department. Why go to college? Send ten dollars for A.B. degree and trial sample of Horse Radish.

Dumbell Academy.—Saskatchewan. Builds men of iron. Personal attention. Individual cuspidors. Home cooking. Choice of prunes or apricots. Our boys do not smoke, swear, chew, drink, nor sweat. 17 playgrounds. Attractive outdoor life. Boys live in pup tents, as we have no buildings yet. No study. Enrollment unlimited. Rates ditto.

Bloomville on the Bog. — Young Lady's Finishing School. Let us finish your daughter. She can't go wrong. We take all her money. Irreproachable principal. Fine teachers. Nice janitors. Courses in Commercial Greek, Esthetic Dancing, Character Analysis, Sitting Out, Sitting Up, Cutting In, Cutting Up, Appreciation of Jazz, Home Brewing and House Breaking.

Our graduates have been expelled from twelve leading colleges. —*Record.*

G—G—G

SOME FORGET IT

Lady (engaging nurse): "Have you had any experience with children?"

Nurse: "Oh, yes! I was a child once myself."—*Judge.*

G—G—G

Co-ed: "I wish that you would stop looking at me."

Stranger: "Don't flatter yourself. I wasn't looking at you."

Co-ed: "Pardon me. I didn't notice that you were cross-eyed." —*Pelican.*

TORONTO Daily Newspapers

Here are their statements as published in each paper. As all are A. B. C. papers these figures may be taken as correct.

The Mail and Empire

The Mail and Empire is published every lawful morning by The Mail Printing Company, the Proprietors, at the Printing House, corner of King and Bay Streets, Toronto. Charles Riordon, President; Carl Riordon, Vice-President; J. S. DOUGLAS Managing Director.

CIRCULATION STATEMENT

The average number of copies of The Mail and Empire circulated each day during the month of August, 1922, exclusive of all returned, unsold and damaged copies, was

106,782

The Audit Bureau of Circulation audits the circulation of The Mail and Empire.

106,782 ONE EDITION

The Globe.

TORONTO

CANADA'S NATIONAL NEWSPAPER

The Globe is published every week day at 64 Yonge Street, Toronto, by the Globe Printing Company, the Proprietors.

Net daily average circulation for month of August **98,639**

The Globe is a member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations.

Cable address—TORONGLO

98,639 TWO EDITIONS

THE TORONTO DAILY STAR

Published by

THE STAR PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO. OF TORONTO, LIMITED.

J. E. Atkinson, President. Office, 18 King St. West.

THE DAILY STAR is served to subscribers at the rate of 12 cents a week or 50 cents a month, payable to carrier or agent. By mail in Canada—payable in advance—one month, 50 cents; 3 months, $1.50; 6 months, $2.75; 12 months, $5.00. To United States—one month, 75 cents; 3 months, $2.25; 6 months, $4.00; 12 months, $7.00.

CIRCULATION DURING AUGUST.

The net daily average circulation of The Star for the month of August, 1922, exclusive of special editions, was:

DAILY STAR **113,226**

STAR WEEKLY **133,587**

The Audit Bureau of Circulation audits the circulation books of The Star.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1922.

113,226 FOUR EDITIONS

THE EVENING TELEGRAM

TORONTO, TUESDAY, SEPT 12 1922

CIRCULATION RETURNS

Week Ending Sept. 2nd, 1922

Monday..	112,444	Thursday	109,453
Tuesday	105,973	Friday..	109,489
Wednes...	111,289	Saturday..	106,387

Net total for week..... 655,035

Daily average in city ..... .102,354

Daily average out of city... 6,818

DAILY AVERAGE **109,172**

Daily average Aug., 1922—109,068

The Evening Telegram is a member of the Audit Bureau of

109,068 FOUR EDITIONS

The Mail and Empire

prints no Noon Editions, Specials, "Sportings", "Pink 'uns", Finals nor Local Editions.

Every copy is a complete newspaper and only one edition is published. The Mail and Empire does not duplicate its own circulation.

It would appear that THE MAIL AND EMPIRE has the largest circulation of any Toronto daily in one edition.

He Wouldn't Part With It

Ask any owner of an Eveready Flashlight how much he'd take for it, if he couldn't get another. He simply wouldn't part with it—because Eveready is the safest, strongest, handiest portable light that was ever invented. There's no end to its uses—around the house or out-of-doors. Every day discovers new emergencies where an Eveready proves its value.

If you're one of those who don't already own an Eveready, go to the nearest electrical, hardware or drug shop and investigate.

And be sure to ask for Eveready Unit Cell Batteries—they fit all flashlights.

CANADIAN NATIONAL CARBON CO., LIMITED

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EVEREADY
FLASHLIGHTS
& BATTERIES

Arthur E. Farley

Merchant Tailor

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(Continued from page 32)

Her characters are, of course, well drawn. Reuben Crabtree is the personification of the conquest of the west.

Mrs. Norris' novel is not of as much social historical value in Canada as in the United States; nevertheless, it is well worth reading.

G—G—G

THE BREAKING POINT. — *By Mary Roberts Rinehart. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart, Ltd., Publishers.* $2.00.

"The remarkable theme of this new novel by Mrs. Rinehart will cause wide discussion," promise the publishers on the jacket. What appears to us to be most worthy of discussion is not so much the theme, which has already been exploited by writers of farce-comedy and movie producers,—a young doctor suddenly loses his memory through shock—as Mrs. Rinehart's deft handling of it. She has extracted every ounce of exciting incident possible from this suggestive hypothesis. Her method is decidedly melodramatic. Her interest in the unusual condition of the hero is less psychopathic than esemplastic.

As the book was originally published serially it may appear slightly disjointed to the overcritical reader, but that well-known characteristic of such novels, which leaves the reader high and dry thirsting for more at the end of each installment, serves here to beckon him on, like a rocky mountain goat, from one unsatisfying peak to another to the very satisfactory end. It is a very absorbing yarn.

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